lyine in Capulet's monument through a ^ate on. the as if the Capulets were buried but a few feet from the road. At rehearsals Henry Trvinsr k?pt on saying : " I must go *down* to the vault.[1]* After a Great deal of consideration he had an ir.fpiration. He had the exterior of the vault in one ?cene, the entrance to it do\vn a flight of steps. Then the scene changed to the interior of the vault, and the step?- now led from a height above the sta^e. At the close of the scene, when the Friar and the crowd came rushing down into the tomb, these steps were thronged with people, each one holding a torch, and the effect was magnificent.

At the opening of the Apothecary Scene, when Balthazar comes to tell Rorneo of Juliet's supposed death, Henry was marvellous. His face grew whiter and whiten

> " Then she is well and nothing can be ill ;
> Her body sleeps in Capn!et[f]s monument."

It was during the silence after those two lines that Henry Irving as Romeo had one of those sublime moments which an actor only achieves once or twice in his life. The only thing that I ever saw to compare with it was Duse's moment when she took Kellner's card in *' Magda." There was absolutely no movement, but her face grew white, and the audience knew what was going on in her soul, as she read the name of the man who years before had seduced and deserted her.

As Juliet I did not *look* right. My little daughter Edy, a born archjeologist, said : '* Mother, you oughtn't to have

a fringe." Yet, strangely enough, Henry himself liked me as Juliet. After the first night, or was it the dress rehearsal — I am not quite clear which — he wrote to me that "beautiful as Portia was, Juliet leaves her far, far behind. Never anybody acted more exquisitely the part of the performance which I saw from the front * Hie to